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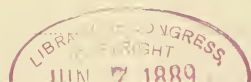
Laws of the State of

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WITNESSES.



The : Bridal : in : Eden.

BY——

The Rev. Dwight Williams.



“And Isaac brought her into his mother’s tent and took Rebecca, and she became his wife ; and he loved her.”

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The Bridal in Eden.

I

AS if the stars with bells were hung,
And by the angels sweetly rung ;
So had creation's matin chime
Pealed out upon the birth of time ;
And as it died in peace away
Beyond the portals of the day,
Love came herself with crowns of flowers,
And stood in Eden's lovely bowers,
And built an altar and a throne,
To rule
A kingdom of her own,
And hold her palace Beautiful.

AH, this was Eden's bridal blest,
 And One was there a loving Guest,
 Who spake his benediction sweet
 So oft o'er his own work complete ;
 His last was now, two souls in form
 From his own hand of beauty warm ;—
 A bridal in the garden bowers,
 With veils of beauty in the flowers ;—
 Earth never saw a scene so fair
 As this ;
 Did angels throng the stair
 That rose above the Eden bliss ?

A H, who could speak "Amen" but he
 Who brought the bride so fair to see,
 And gave to him whose regal soul
 Was charged with earth and its control;
 The language of the air was love,
 And blessings fell from heights above,
 And his the greatest rapture who
 Looked on his work, and only knew
 The golden tides of blessedness

Which long

Should sweep through time, and bless
 The world with words of love and song.

WHEN far outside the gate, alas,
 The two were sad, and could not pass
 The wall again where they were wed,
 Still hand in hand they wandered ;
 And love in tears was still the same,
 One altar theirs with holy flame,
 And even he their wondrous guest
 Received their prayer in grief confessed,
 And left a rapture in their pain,
 That held
 Their hearts, a glad refrain,
 A pledge of woe and sin dispelled.

AH, he who smiled in Eden's bowers,
 And spoke his blessing mid the flowers
 Hath never scorned Love's holy shrine ;
 Did not his royal Son make wine,
 And grace himself a marriage feast,
 The fame of which hath never ceased ?
 While Mary smiled upon the bride
 And all the place was beautified ;
 How blessed there to be a guest,
 They said
 That day ; with love confessed
 In Jesus' sight, the twain were wed.

SWEET wedding bells, they ring afar ;

Ye love them, all, ye cannot bar

The music from your hearts, ah why ?

It is a heaven-born melody ;

Ye never hear the golden chime,

Ye never list in measured time

The organ's tone that thrills the scene,

But nearer heaven ye have been,

For out of Eden do ye know

The bliss

Hath come through ages slow,

And lives to bless to gladden this.

VII

O wedding bells of faded years,
More holy yet, through storms of tears,
We listen to your echoes borne
Like dreams that bless the early morn,
And still ye ring, and laughing eyes
Are gone, as stars seek other skies ;
But Eden sends its beauty down,
And drops on youthful brows its crown ;
And still we bless the wedding bells,
 And hold ,
 The promise, as it tells
Of Eden new in Gates of Gold.

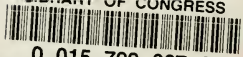
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